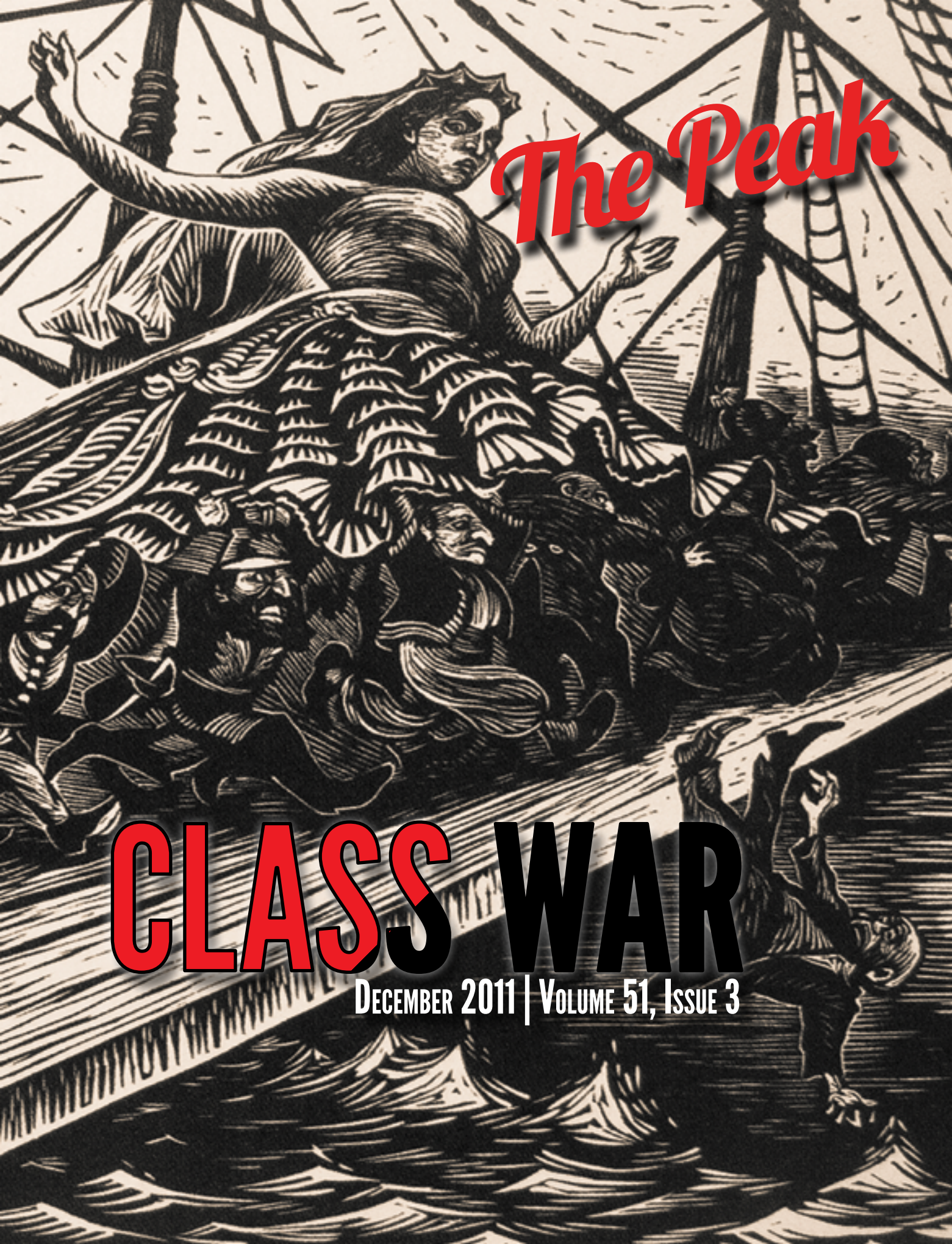


The Peak

CLASS WAR

December 2011 | Volume 51, Issue 3

Class War can look like a lot of things and this war is waged everyday.

Class War is the conflict between social classes, ie, the rich and the poor. It's the tension created by low wages and high costs of living; by the fact that wealth, resources and power are concentrated in the hands of a small percentage of the population while working folks, students, and the poor are left scrambling for rent and groceries.

The upper classes are not the only enemy in this war. The state helps keep the classes divided by using its tools of repression, fermenting conflicts and divisions through the media, and using force to repress people and social movements with the judicial system, the police, and the military.

This issue of the Peak is about Class War. In the past two months or so, we've seen the anti-capitalist #Occupy protests, inspired by the Occupy Wall Street protest, pop up in over 1500 cities. With the proliferation of conversation about radical social change and subsequent crackdowns on Occupations, we at the Peak have had class on our minds.

Inside this issue, you will find a special feature on the #occupy protests and discussions coming out of these struggle (pg. 12). An excerpt from the invisible committees text, *the coming insurrection*, (pg. 24) discusses what work means today and how we have been collectively sold out, with work becoming a precarious situation which is slowly killing us. Within these pages, you will also find Ryan Rainville's statement to the courts during his trial (pg. 33) for politicized property destruction during the G20 summit in Toronto in June of 2010.

We hope this issue will start to open us discussions and dialogues about class is our circles. We have to realize the absurdly disproportionate bottom heavy class structure which makes up the structure of society. Although Class War is being waged against us everyday, we need to work on building collective strength and remember that they are few and we are many.

With contempt for the rich,
the Peak Collective

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union bug



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Dull Pencils By Crudo



ILLUATRAION : E.WAR

re-printed from: www.wewantsomefood.blogspot.com

Academia is disgusting. Yet so many of you keep flirting with it; seduced by the daughters and sons of the rich that speak in a language that most cannot understand. It's not just the dress of hipsters that you want to ape now, but the way in which that which is obscure and hard to comprehend suddenly becomes cool. The Agamben zine or the Baudrillard quote becomes so cool, because who the fuck knows what they are saying, or if what they are saying has any relevance to anything in our lives. It's great suddenly our ideas come in an American Apparel package, but when anyone actually stops to hear what we have to say, we might as well be giving someone a copy of an Amebix or Nausea record, smiling as we say, "This is anarchy". We have about the same chance. What is important to so many of the insurrectionaries now, is that their ideas (or the ideas that they think they enjoy) are difficult, unpopular, academic, hard to grasp, and therefore cool. Our theory has become that band that only five people like, but it is so sick because only five people like it. Pathetic. What gives theory power is that it is an idea that lots of people can understand and then be moved to act. If theory cannot be made to be understandable, then what good is it?

"Academia is disgusting. Yet so many of you keep flirting with it; seduced by the daughters and sons of the rich that speak in a language that most cannot understand."

It's funny, because so many were so ready to throw themselves at the machine and occupy the universities in order to subvert its role in the reproduction of class society, yet those

same radicals take as gospel the works of so many professors and academics. We are backwards. We have problems talking to people, yet pride ourselves in writing and reading shit few people can understand. We defend this position by stating that we are seeking to 'understand capital,' yet all we are doing is consuming the works of academics; consuming their 'philosophy.' This has been done for hundreds of years. We are not closer to anything, and find new reasons not to act, yet more to read and think about. We are too poor to attend the schools of the professors that we read yet want to be them so badly. This class envy. Pathetic.

"And, now you can't speak without making reference to things which mean nothing to anyone but your five friends who happen to be friends with those other five people."

NEVER TRUST AN ACADEMIC

If you remember, we tried to tell you that a term paper was not creation, it was work. Alienated labor animated for the sake of capital. Yet, so many accept the works of academics at face value. Academics must write, they must produce. They have to denounce and create new theories. They have to give lectures, write books, publish papers. Anything ever written by one must have that in mind. They created this with the hope of making money and getting it done under deadlines. They wrote this hoping to cut corners and get it finished in order to go home and see their families or get fucked up. Take it with a grain of salt.

If one ever chooses to go to a strip club, I would hope that if the person you are watching dance smiles seductively at you, you will never believe that they are trying to flirt with you. Yet, we accept so much of the works of academics as neutral. When an academic sits down to write, they are not writing to put weapons in the hands of the working class. They seek to further the reproduction of whatever field of study they are in. So much of what we hate about identity politics comes out of this. The breaking apart of class society instead of looking at the totality. The looking down at the working class instead of theory and praxis coming out of its day to day struggles, desires, and experiences. As the fire and resistance we have created has been beaten, killed, and recuperated out of us, these middle class devils have attempted to speak for us instead. Does it really matter if it is empire, the spectacle, capital, the desert, totally-being whoever gives a fuck? If academia has given us a new way of looking at the world, it hasn't given us any sort of tools that would help us do anything to change it.

And, now you can't speak without making reference to things which mean nothing to anyone but your five friends who happen to be friends with those other five people. You left a scene of bikes and bad food, only to find a clique of big words and earth tones. Have you forgotten it was always not the style that was important but the substance? That intentions were what mattered. And that if you didn't have a good reason for acting in your class interests, you probably had no hope of telling others that they should do the same.

PUT DOWN THE BOOK AND LEARN TO SPEAK

I went to a noise demo recently outside of a prison. Later, I went to a building that homeless people were sleeping outside of

because the city was arresting them on the street for sleeping outside and being homeless. I walked up with a friend and a young person said, "At last the anarchists have come!" Alas, we replied, we were not from there, and we lived hours away. We were only visiting. Our theory is as impotent as our action. We love to act and pat ourselves on the back for acting, but the importance of action is only that it creates new relationships and betters our material conditions. No one gives a fuck if we act, only if it is effective and changes things.

And so, we march on a prison and make noise outside of it, passing out flyers to working class people telling them how fucked up it is that homeless people are getting arrested. Then, a block away, homeless people get arrested and no anarchists are even there to share a bagel. It is the same logic that allows us to put so much effort into publishing and printing texts and theory that have no chance of reaching out to anyone other than a small clique. In fact, their exclusiveness ensures that that clique is maintained and made stronger. That as some drop out of that clique, the exact same amount will fill their roles. Once we proclaimed that we were leaving the subculture, now we revel in it once again, but with all new window dressings.

Have we forgotten the idea that what is truly subversive is the coming together of those that feel the exploitation and alienation of class society? Those that link up based upon shared material conditions and a desire for emancipation? That one of our roles is breaking down the divisions that exist between our class and the destruction of those that seek to divert our struggle into politics? Have we?

The academics that so many have a massive hard-on for now have sought to talk in a language that they understand: that of the academia. We smile when we learn that they then decided to move to some small ass town and buy a grocery store; as if this is something strange for middle class people to do. But, we aren't in France. And most of us don't go to nice schools. Most of us aren't going to move to some small towns, nor are we going to be able to buy a grocery store. No, most of us have jobs, pay rent, and will do so for a long time. Our roles as anarchists now is the same as it always have been, to BE proletarians. To act on our class interests and link up with others who can and do feel the same.

"Nothing in anarchism has changed in the last two years. But if you are frustrated as I am, and don't want to be working class anymore, then we can begin to leave the world of academia behind."



Nothing in anarchism has changed in the last two years. But if you are frustrated as I am, and don't want to be working class anymore, then we can begin to leave the world of academia behind. We can begin to develop our own theories. We can seek to reach out to people who are not "political."

THE SOCIAL IS A CIGARETTE:

Towards an Insurrectionary Platform

GLENN BECK

The Social is a cigarette.
Rupture, in its fluidity, is fire.
Platforms, the crystallized possibility of ignition, are lighters.
Dogma is a dead lighter.
Praxis is a butane refill.

"Only the struggle is real."
Alfredo Bonanno

In 1977, my father graduated from a high school in a tiny, insular northern Italian neighbourhood in New Jersey, and vowed to leave his uterine hometown forever. The same year, in Italy, a strange, eccentric old man was arrested in my father's ancestral city and sentenced to eighteen months in prison for writing a book. Over those eighteen months, my father would break with everything he ever knew, declare himself a Quaker and devout pacifist, and be fired for starting a union organizing drive in a mental institution. Meanwhile, the old man remained in his cell, his grim expression failing to conceal the burning intensity behind his eyes, refusing to apologize for his eloquent proposal for the hanging of judges, the shooting of policemen, and the abolition of mental institutions and unions alike.

For my father, severing his connection with the violent, passionate Italian Catholic world of his youth was a rupture at least as world-shaking as the schism Bonanno made with all bourgeois morality when he wrote Armed Joy. Perhaps there is something about the alpine culture that produced both men that makes the lives of it participants particularly conducive to rupture. One hundred years before my dad left Jersey, an impetuous young anarchist, not twenty miles from where the old man would later be born, rallied together a group of his fellow teenage comrades. They raised red flags, armed themselves with rifles, stormed their tiny hamlet's courthouse, and began to burn public records in the streets.

These would-be revolutionaries urged bewildered onlookers to spontaneously develop proletarian consciousness and join their insurrection, but, much to the kids' dismay, the exploited masses simply stared. In a matter of hours, the army arrived and promptly arrested our failed heroes without firing a shot. The boy the authorities identified as the ringleader of this botched venture was one Errico Malatesta, who later became a legendary enemy-of-the-state, and whose memory still enjoys folk hero status among my cousins in a small town outside Venice. Before fleeing the country, and ultimately Europe, he had organized a number of our mutual ancestors into revolutionary cells.

Twenty-four years after my father fled his Italian village, he had settled down to raise me in Baltimore, where I was getting an earlier start than Malatesta (albeit a less dramatic one). I had grown up listening to stories about my great great grandfather fighting the National Guard in the 1877 B&O Railroad strikes, or about the one on the other side of my family dynamiting a hole under his outhouse to rain its contents down on to the heads of scabs working in a mineshaft below. When I was eleven and home-schooled, I read the writings of Iqbal Massih, a teenage figurehead of the Pakistanian Labor movement who was shot and killed when he was sixteen. My ex-hippie parents were delighted that I was taking interest in a 'Social Justice Issue', and they made sure that I went to an anti-sweatshop conference. There I met two Bangladeshi women who had also lost family members to their boss' assassins when they tried to organize. Talking to them via a translator was, for my young mind, a paradigm-shifting rupture in my world. The next year, I organized my first protest at a local Wal-Mart, along with forty other seventh-graders. We stormed no buildings and burned nothing in the street, but the general manager looked like he might have shat himself at the sight of us. He had a score of riot police brought out to stand between the store and the angry, pre-pubescent mob.

"Art, the best I've done by far, is all about the class war. I should send the poor a thank-you card."

Mischief Brew

With this background, perhaps it was inevitable that after I was introduced to the anarchist movement by a magical place called Red Emma's, I befriended the only radicals in town who were regularly involved with labor unions. I took communist anarchism for granted--yeah, class struggle, isn't that what radicals do? My mentors, the first people from the anarchist scene I really felt I could trust, were leftists who put vast amounts of energy into volunteering with a wide variety of movements, from the Algebra Project (a group of inner city black kids organizing against school closings) to the United Workers (a Baltimore sister organization to the more lauded Coalition of Immokallee Workers) in their campaign to win a living wage for day labourers at a baseball stadium. This culminated in much-publicized hunger strike by workers that lasted only one day before the stadium caved, cut out the day labor agency middle man, and gave the cleaners a seven dollar raise. When I went to the victory celebration to serve Food Not Bombs, I found the most joyous carnival I had ever seen. The dull, glazed over faces that usually inhabit my city's streets had suddenly vanished, and hundreds of people laughed, cried, played music, and danced with wild abandon. That day, I decided I would stop drifting through demos for whatever activist cause was being pushed at the moment. Now, I excitedly promised to no one in particular, I would throw all my energy into workplace organizing.

In 2007 I joined the Northeastern Federation of Anarchist Communists (NEFAC). I implore you, dear rebel readers, to hear me out nonetheless. In the federation's Baltimore collective, I found my new home. Here were the smartest, most pissed-off comrades I had ever met - the few comrades who came out to picket lines - and I instantly respected and looked up to them.

Over the five years I've identified myself as an anarchist, I've received ire from both sides of the aisle. Some friends have scoffed at me for going to endless meetings, writing for a tiny sectarian newspaper, volunteering with labor unions and even doing a brief stint as an intern organizer with a large business union. Others have given me an equal amount of shit for travelling around the country to summit protests, doing Food Not Bombs religiously, and working on other projects deeply entrenched in the punk scene. I unapologetically run in both worlds - I'm in both the Dancing Cat Baltimore NEFAC collective, which focuses on local labor solidarity, and the regional, loosely-organized Self-Described Anarchist Collective, which focuses on mass protests. In the latter, I work alongside insurrectionary anarchists, primitivists, and others who reject adjectives altogether - my deepening relationships with some of these comrades prompted me to begin this text. Faced with every old grudge, every animosity that divides our movement, I have struggled to retain faith that we can, someday, win. I sit writing this tract today because, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, I have not lost hope in the revolutionary potential of the labor movement - and I have not lost hope in the fierce, emancipatory potential of anarchism. I have not lost hope, in short, in you.

"For anarchy to succeed or simply to advance towards its success it must be conceived not only as a lighthouse which illuminates and attracts, but as something possible and attainable, not in centuries to come, but in a relatively short time and without relying on miracles."

Errico Malatesta

Unions, I maintain, are still a worthwhile form of struggle, regardless of whatever academic objections might be raised by the radical avant-garde (whether situationist, "left communist", or insurrectionary). While the parasitic mediators between labor and capital cannot be a revolutionary force precisely because of their role as mediators, the people they represent can be, and workers who resist on the job will continue to form local unions for as long as we find those structures useful, whether or not the anarchists among us like it. In rejecting the bureaucrats of organized labor, we run the risk of also rejecting its members. We forget that communes, factory committees, workers' councils, and recuperated workplaces do not appear out of thin air in the whirlwind of insurrection - they are made up of people who had lives before the revolution. Opposing labor struggles because they are inextricably tied to the workplace makes as much sense as opposing slave rebellions because they are tied to the plantation. Employment must be considered a necessary inconvenience - and a battleground for struggle - until our class has built up the social capital to end it once and for all. Whether they start in 1871, 1917, 1936, 1956, 1968, 1994, 2001, or 2009, revolutionary events include the creation of new social forms by the former faceless hoards...beginning the instant we dethrone our "responsible" representatives.

The irony of most internal controversy between anarchists is that insurrectionary anarchism, as it's currently being promoted, has its roots in autonomous Marxism and the thought of European anarchists who were grounded in theories about class struggle. Today, however, the major tendencies in our movement seem unable to address each other without resorting to name-calling, from "lifestylist" to "anarcho-liberal," even though we're all too often pushing precisely the same points. The most interesting seed in the heart of insurrectionary anarchist thought is the unyielding demand that revolutionaries be considered as among the exploited, not as a separate elite from it; that we are individuals who exist in and have been created by capitalism as it exists today, not time-travellers from a post-revolutionary future with an exact blueprint for destroying power. If there is another consistent line running through insurrectionary theory, it is the proposition that social reality arises from everyday life; that capital as a social relationship reproduces itself on the level of our daily actions, and not outside of them; that material conditions do not dictate social conditions, but merely influence them insofar as they are factors in every choice that every person makes at every moment. In the recent anarcho-blockbuster The Coming Insurrection, the Invisible Committee pithily asserts, "In truth, there is no gap between who we are, what we do, and what we are becoming."

The madness of our ideological skirmishes lies in the fact that "platformist" anarchist-communists are saying essentially the same things. "Platformist" is a misnomer - we don't agree with everything in our namesake, Makhno and the Dielo Truda Group's infamous document, the Platform of the General Union of Anarchists; the text was written after the anarchist militias'

bitter defeat at the hands of the Russian Red Army in Ukraine, and I don't think a lot of it is even relevant to the 21st century capitalism we inhabit today. Most leftist anarchists, accused sometimes-accurately of stifling social conflict by mediating it, have nevertheless identified with that set of beliefs in the first place because they desire exactly that. We form anarchist organizations now because we recognize there is no gap between what we do and what we are becoming. We look for avenues of struggle where we live and where we work, places we can organize with others on the basis of real common material interests rather than ideology, because we recognize that revolution must begin with everyday life. The only good reason for affiliating with a political label is because its theory directly engages with practice that can be applied in your life - anything else is either disembodiment or masturbation. I'm a red, and I work with labor unions while disputing both companies and bureaucracies' agendas, because I don't think revolutions are neat, orderly, or polite. Social ruptures are built of specific actions by specific people, and are therefore far more chaotic, unpredictable, and fluid than any of us can understand. The role of anarchists should not be to develop an anarchist program to control every aspect of social revolution - we're not going to get everyone to agree with our politics down to the last letter. I do what I do because anarchists are only one social force among many, and we need to analyze how we interact with other forces, not simply what we want in the abstract. I agree entirely with the observation that we ourselves are exploited, that our very existence is political, and that we must fight against the conditions of our own lives (the anti-activism theory of the insurrectionary camp attacks the "oh, I'll do politics for three hours and then I'll get back to my real life" mentality of those who see themselves as spectators of history rather than protagonists). However, there always seems to be a missing second term in this logic - it doesn't necessarily lead to "therefore, every instance of fighting with cops is good and we should do it at every opportunity" conclusion of publications like Fire to the Prisons...too many anarchist journals become crime rosters documenting spray painted cop cars and broken windows (contrary to popular rhetoric, smashing a window is only direct action if you had a problem with that particular window). That logic could just as easily lead to a platformist practice: to find struggles that impact us directly, places where the people around us are organizing themselves for bread-and-butter demands in neighbourhoods, workplaces, schools, military platoons, or any other points at which webs of power intersect with our lives - and to bring direct action to those struggles.

If we genuinely want to build a revolutionary tradition, we should fight in these struggles not as external benevolent "activists" come to save the day and rescue the poor objects of our pity, but as participants with something real at stake. We should form revolutionary cells with people who share our conditions. Nebulous groups of people brought together by chance by an institution can solidify into closely-knit affinity groups whose ultimate goal is the permanent destruction of the monstrosity that united them.

The purpose of an anarchist organization is not mass recruiting, a la most Trotskyist parties, nor is it vanguardist control of movements - we know that movements, like anything else, are the confluence of all the activity of people in them. The purpose of a platform, of an organization, is to bring together anarchists who share same principles but are involved in different struggles. Its role is not to direct but to create the possibility of us coordinating our activity across all sectors of society, all the battlegrounds at which we're positioned to attack capital. Political

affiliations mean nothing if they do not pertain to action. They are no more than models of the world we find ourselves trapped within, maps for looking at an infinitely larger and more complex territory. In social conflicts, the practical needs and desires of intertwined people are vastly different - the only universal principle we can apply is "find fire, and carry gasoline to it"...that is to say, form cells specific to particular manifestations of power and escalate the level of struggle against them wherever we can. Sometimes, that might mean vandalism or fighting with cops - often, it will mean something entirely different. Our only condition for action is that it is carried out by cells of directly-affected people. We are not Makhnovites so much as we are Malatestans. Like the Invisible Committee, the extent of our program is all power to the communes.

Similar to the logic of anti-activism, the logic of transforming everyday life is dead-on politically. There too, however, is a missing second term between logic and conclusion; "therefore, we must eschew all organizations" doesn't immediately follow. Organization is not always a mystified obstacle to organizing ourselves. There are more factors, more exigencies that hold us back from social revolution, than we can know. Capitalism and the social reality it constantly births are not static; they are moving patterns, processes that continue themselves discursively in the actions of all those governed by their logic. Bombing every bank, killing every cop, and opening every prison might be a step forward, but it would not eliminate the ongoing customs, ideologies, and fetishisms that render possible the domination of life by the State and the commodity. To achieve this goal, we must operate at a longer timeframe than we currently do.

The task is always to organize. That is the missing link in every radical theory. In a world simultaneously frozen in the context of the structures imprisoning it and, paradoxically, in constant flux, organizations produce fictions that intervene in the real. At their worst, these fictions serve to integrate people into roles assigned to them by capital. At their best, they spawn new ruptures, new patterns of life that deny the logic of commodities and affirm our human capacity to edit the universe, to determine what our futures will be. Organization divorced from practical action can only result in static dogma, the dead lighter of this text's opening metaphor - NEFAC has been criticized, at times rightly, at least in my collective's case, for falling into this trap. What the insurrectionary tendency discounts, however, is the value of an imagined collective entity to which we can be accountable. This must be capable of motivating us to action, coordinating it on an ever-

The Social is a cigarette.

Rupture, in its fluidity, is fire.

Platforms, the crystallized possibility of ignition, are lighters.

Dogma is a dead lighter.

Praxis is a butane refill.

expanding scale, and forging out of the fire of struggle new relationships that can transform us into subjects who can live communism. By engaging in real, dynamic warfare for control over our conditions - that is, by organizing - can we freeze the pointless, drifting flow of capitalist life, and conversely unthaw the frozen social forms (from wage work to gender roles to the police) that rule it.

This argument is by no means exclusive to platformist federations. In fact, Tiqqun, the most fashionable theorists of insurrection, almost echo it in their calls for an Imaginary Party. I find it strange that such a philosophically rigorous project would fail to take the extra step of acknowledging that all parties are imaginary, i.e., they are not flawlessly accurate expressions of the will of each individual member, nor can they be. I am convinced that formally organizing, where it serves the purpose of practical action, is the only realistic way to coordinate our embittered, ruptured movement into an imaginary force that can spark a real social rupture. The cigarette metaphor sums up this approach to the question of organization: the formal structure of a revolutionary group, combined with fluid, flexible activity, is a fired-up lighter - a tool for reproducing and resonating the possibility of igniting insurrection throughout society. It is the dead labor of revolution. It's a matter of crystallizing our actions into sustainable patterns. It's a matter of coordinating our lives, themselves cycles of rupture and stagnation, into a force that can bring about the greatest rupture in history in the least sedentary (yet most stagnant) system it has ever known. It remains to be seen whether Tiqqun's disciples will have better luck starting from scratch with flint and steel.

The objection could be raised, "We need no federation to fight in social movements alongside those who share our predicament. A group that wants that role is wasting its time and its breath; we can from workplace cells, neighbourhood cells, university cells without approval from any idiotic parliamentary procedure." It's true. These form organically all the time. Where we, the exploited, already organize ourselves, the revolutionary organization must not interfere by "implanting" or "social insertion" or any other euphemism the Left has dreamt up for toying with conflicts in which none of us have anything at stake. Provided that the organization remained true to its goals, what cause could there be for such meddling? In the United States, the heart of the commodity spectacle, to be a communist is simply to be pro-struggle. A lighter is a structure made to set fires, not to contain their shape. When our fellow workers fight for their lives, it does not make the slightest difference whether they arrived in those circumstances via our fiction or any other. Only the struggle is real.

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Special Feature: #Occupy Movement

Why Are Anarchists Involved in the Occupy Movement?

by Getting To The Roots

At the base of the Occupy Movement, is the fact that capitalism isn't working. This is a global movement against a system that sees a wealthy few controlling the majority of money, resources, and land.

These same few people control politics on parliament hill, decisions made in our communities, and have vested interests in continuing wars abroad and the war here against the poor.

The Occupy movements over-arching goals of challenging the class divisions in this society can never be negotiated without a revolution.

In the streets and squares, the Occupations are organized horizontally so that everyone can speak for themselves, without appointing leaders.

The Occupations around the world have liberated space for us to organize autonomously against capitalism. They have created a space for us to help each other out for our mutual interests, sometimes known as "Mutual Aid".

With 1500 occupations across the world, each one expresses solidarity with those attempting to occupy the major financial districts where each countries wealth is exchanged. These are also places for us to start conversations about addressing issues facing our own communities too.

The Occupy Movement is already ripe with anarchist ideas in action, and we want to do our part to see it through to its inevitable conclusion...Revolution.



Photo Top: On November 2nd, occupiers blockade the ports of Oakland as a part of a larger call by Occupy Oakland for a General Strike which included over 50,000 people. Comic: Anarchism in practice within Occupy Oakland.

#Occupy Guelph

Occupation enters second week

from: gettingtotheroots.wordpress.com

On Saturday, October 15th, about forty people came out to join 1500 other cities by erecting tents and establishing an occupation in St. Georges Square. The occupation that has now entered its thirteenth day. Speeches were made on various topics, including the recognition of the history of Guelph as colonized land.

The Occupation Movement began in New York City on September 17th after a call to Occupy Wall Street. This movement has spread across the globe and on October 15th, a call for solidarity was released.

The motives behind Occupy Guelph are diverse, varying for each individual participating in it, but the overarching reasons for these global protests are expressing frustration against a system that sees a small wealthy minority controlling the majority of the money, resources and land. This wealthy minority is made of a class of people in society which are entangled in government and businesses worldwide. They are sometimes referred to as the ruling elite.

These occupations are creating an alternative to challenge that, coming from the grassroots, which encourages decision making without leaders, where everyone's thoughts are welcome. The General Assemble held each day creates a space for residents of Guelph to talk about problems we face here, creating a collective power and autonomy.

The Occupation continues today, with more people joining each day. Tons of support has been provided by working folks, dropping off supplies, food and tarps for the rain drenched occupiers. The General Assemblies continue to grow as more people take part.



This past weekend, October 21st and 23rd saw many events at the occupation. On Friday, October 21st, a projector was set up to screen movies of other occupations across the globe and black flags were hung from the statue downtown. Saturday saw families and children come out for Occupy Guelph's Family day event. On Sunday, a film was screened about the 2006 uprising in the state of Oaxaca, arising from an occupation in the town square.

UPDATE:

Occupy Guelph has moved to Royal City Park (on Gordon Street) although numbers have slimmed the folks now occupying the park are excited to continue their conversion with the public in a new location.

Anarchist Definitions of Terms

CAPITALISM – *CAP·I·TAL·ISM* N.

The economic system which dominates the world at present is called capitalism, a system based on the self-expansion of capital – commodities and money making more commodities and more money. This doesn't happen by magic, but by human labour. For the work we do, we're paid for only a fraction of what we produce. The difference between the value we produce and the amount we're paid in wages is the "surplus value" we've produced. Our work is stored up in the things our bosses own and sell; capital. In order for this to take place, a class of people must be created who don't own anything they can use to make money i.e. offices, factories, farmland or other means of production. This class must then sell their ability to work in order to purchase essential goods and services in order to survive. This class is the working class.

CLASS STRUGGLE – *CLASS STRUG·GLE* N.

When we are at work, our time and activity is not our own. Work takes up the majority of our lives and there is a constant struggle between bosses and workers at work, and in the rest of the society based on work. The more we pay in rent or bus fare, the more we have to work to pay our rent or bus fare. Work being forced on us like this compels us to resist. The conflict between those of us who have to work for a wage and our bosses and governments is sometimes known as class struggle. Most of us spend our time working and are just getting by, while the owners, who are mostly rich, profit off our work. All the communities and institutions of society are built up around this basic division. The fact that this society is divided into classes with opposing interests means there is always a risk of conflict. The government is there to make sure that doesn't happen. Whether the government is a dictatorship or a democracy, it holds all the power and will use it against its own population to make sure that we keep going to work. By resisting the imposition of work, we say that our lives are more important than our boss's profits. This attacks the very nature of capitalism, where profit is the most important reason for doing anything, and points to the possibility of a world without classes. We are the working class resisting our own existence, struggling against work and class.

By Getting to the Roots

MUTUAL AID – *MU·TU·AL AID* N.

Mutual Aid is a concept where we voluntary exchange resources and services for our mutual benefit. This could benefit our friends, our neighborhood or people we consider to be a part of our community.

Mutual aid is a practice that plays out in moments throughout our day. Mutual aid takes many forms, it is in action when we trade childcare for martial arts training, or when you shovel the sidewalk on your street. Anarchists try to foster and encourage relationships and community projects which promote these values. These practices provide everyone with a sense that their contributions have benefited themselves and others. Mutual aid allows us to be collectively better off than before. By asserting mutual aid in our lives, we are providing ourselves with skills and resources and therefore weakening our reliance on the state to provide these same needs.

AUTONOMY – *AU·TON·O·MY* N.

Autonomy is freedom, for a community, region or individual, from external control or influence over our lives and our desires. The Government, Societal Standards, Institutions and other individuals are constantly trying to control and influence our lives. Autonomy can apply to all aspects of your personal freedoms and desires, as well as, your community. Autonomy can be limited by a variety of factors. For example sexual education attempts to influence our individual freedom, by presenting a limited definition of what sex is. It is left to us to either conform or gain autonomy by allowing our own desires dictate the ways we have sex. Our autonomy can also be threatened with force, as was the case when a community came together to defend an old growth forest in the south end of Guelph. A development site was occupied to assert their rights to make decisions in their community relating to the development. An injunction was passed, which made it a criminal offence to be on the site, and an order was given to the police to evict the camp with force if needed. Autonomy is a freedom we strive for every day, and is extensively written about by anarchists.

www.gettingtotheroots.wordpress.com

Introduction to the General Assembly

From: gettingtotheroots.wordpress.com

WHAT IS A GENERAL ASSEMBLY?

The General Assembly (GA) model has been adopted by most of the occupations as a way to discuss and make decisions. The GA is a horizontal, leader-less, open meeting. The GA is where decisions are made that affect the whole group and general discussions are held. There are no leaders nor a governing body of the GA – every/one's voice is equal.

Working groups help things run more smoothly by figuring out specifics and taking care of day-to-day tasks. Examples of working groups are: food, media, events, direct action, etc. They have open membership, and all who have concerns or ideas related to a working group are encouraged to join it. Working groups would give a report-back at every GA so everyone knows what they're up to and how to get involved.

Only decisions that affect the entire group need to be brought to the GA. Many projects can happen independent of the GA model. For example, if people wanted to issue a public media statement on behalf of the group, it would require GA approval. If someone wanted to write a pamphlet to distribute that was not on behalf of the group, it would not require GA approval.

THE AGENDA

An agenda is a list of topics to cover at a meeting. It is either compiled by a facilitator before a meeting or at the beginning of the GA. Here is an example of an agenda:

- Welcome, agenda overview, and explanation of GA process
- Working group report-backs
- Proposals (see below)
- Announcements

ROLES

Facilitator (or MC) - Moves the conversation along to stay on topic. They don't get more space to express opinions. They remind people to respect each other and they assert the decided process into the discussions. In large assemblies, there may be several facilitators.

Stack keeper - Keeps a list of people who would like to speak, to make sure everyone has a chance to talk and people aren't interrupting each other.

Note taker - Takes notes of announcements and decisions made during assembly.

DECISION MAKING PROCESS

Here are steps in a decision making process at a GA. They can be modified by the group at any time and continuously changed as need be.

1. A proposal is presented by one person or a group. Sometimes a GA will require multiple people to present a proposal, to ensure that it's already been discussed.
2. Clarifying questions are raised by anyone to the presenters.
3. "Straw poll" The facilitator takes a show of people who approve and disapprove of the proposal to determine whether further discussion is necessary. This is not an official vote. If the proposal has a lot of support, the group would skip steps four and five.
4. Concerns and Amendments. Here, if there are a lot people at the general assembly, the group could break up into smaller groups for ten to fifteen minutes to consolidate their concerns and questions and everyone has a chance to discuss the proposal. Someone from each small group would express the concerns and amendments to the GA.
5. The proposal is presented again, with any changes discussed.
6. Every participant votes to approve, disapprove, or stand-aside. Ninety percent approval passes the proposal. If there is less than ninety percent approval, it doesn't pass and can be brought up again at a later GA.

#OccupyOakland

Compiled from Indy Media Sources

Reprinted from gettotheroots.wordpress.com

Oakland - Early in the morning of Tuesday, October 25th, a massive police presence began a coordinated raid on Occupy Oakland. Despite the erection of barricades, the site was cleared several hours later and seventy people were arrested. Occupy Oakland was occupying Oscar Grant Plaza, named after a man executed by the BART transit police in 2009.

That evening, hundreds of occupiers and their supporters gathered to attempt to retake the park. Police aggressively broke up crowds with tear gas, flash grenades, and rubber bullets, and some protesters responded by hurling projectiles and paint bombs while police broke up crowd.

One man, a twenty four year old Iraq war veteran named Scott Olsen, was struck in the head with a tear gas canister. Protesters were repeatedly prevented from protecting the man by intentional flash grenades which was videotaped and posted online. Eventually he was carried out by friends. Olsen has a fractured skull and is currently hospitalized in stable but critical condition at Highland Hospital.

Occupy Oakland had announced that gatherings at 6 pm at 14th and Broadway will continue, and that "We will do this everyday until we #RetakeThePlaza."

The following day, a vigil for Olsen took place at 3 pm in downtown Oakland. At 6 pm massive crowds began showing up, upwards of 3000 people. The crowd surged towards Oscar Grant Plaza, and began tearing down the fence that had been erected by police around the park.

Once torn down, having reestablished the occupation, the occupiers held a belated general assembly, in which an Oakland general strike was proposed and passed with ninety-six point nine support. The general assembly operates on a modified consensus process that passes proposals with ninety percent in favour and with abstaining votes removed from the final count.

The date of the general strike is set for Wednesday, November 2nd. Since this announcement, social media has been abuzz with calls for a US-wide General Strike and a Global General Strike!

GENERAL ASSEMBLY TO GENERAL STRIKE – PROPOSAL:

We as fellow occupiers of Oscar Grant Plaza propose that on Wednesday November 2, 2011, we liberate Oakland and shut down the one percent.

We propose a city wide general strike and we propose we invite all students to walk out of school. Instead of workers going to work and students going to school, the people will converge on downtown Oakland to shut down the city.

All banks and corporations should close down for the day or we will march on them.

While we are calling for a general strike, we are also calling for much more. People who organize out of their neighbourhoods, schools, community organizations, affinity groups, workplaces and families are encouraged to self organize in a way that allows them to participate in shutting down the city in whatever manner they are comfortable with and capable of.

The whole world is watching Oakland. Let's show them what is possible.

UPDATE:

The results of the general strike were mixed with some unions cooperating. But the transit system, most institutions, and the big shipping port of Oakland remained open. Until the evening, when the crowd of a few thousand grew upwards to 5,000 or much more. They marched to the Port gates and forced operations to shut down, at one of America's biggest shipping zones.

Late in the evening, protesters temporarily took over a vacant building.

At 1 a.m. police had used tear-gas and flashbang grenades in attempts to clear the crowd from downtown streets.

Shortly after 1:30 am police were ready to move in on the Occupy Oakland camp at Oscar Grant Plaza and announced that arrests would be made. About forty arrest where made that night.

Solidarity Letter from Cairo

Comrades from Cairo.
24th of October, 2011.

To all those in the United States currently occupying parks, squares and other spaces, your comrades in Cairo are watching you in solidarity. Having received so much advice from you about transitioning to democracy, we thought it's our turn to pass on some advice.

Indeed, we are now in many ways involved in the same struggle. What most pundits call "The Arab Spring" has its roots in the demonstrations, riots, strikes and occupations taking place all around the world, its foundations lie in years-long struggles by people and popular movements. The moment that we find ourselves in is nothing new, as we in Egypt and others have been fighting against systems of repression, disenfranchisement and the unchecked ravages of global capitalism (yes, we said it, capitalism): a System that has made a world that is dangerous and cruel to its inhabitants. As the interests of government increasingly cater to the interests and comforts of private, transnational capital, our cities and homes have become progressively more abstract and violent places, subject to the casual ravages of the next economic development or urban renewal scheme.

An entire generation across the globe has grown up realizing, rationally and emotionally, that we have no future in the current order of things. Living under structural adjustment policies and the supposed expertise of international organizations like the World Bank and IMF, we watched as our resources, industries and public services were sold off and dismantled as the "free market" pushed an addiction to foreign goods, to foreign food even. The profits and benefits of those freed markets went elsewhere, while Egypt and other countries in the South found their

immiseration reinforced by a massive increase in police repression and torture.

The current crisis in America and Western Europe has begun to bring this reality home to you as well: that as things stand we will all work ourselves raw, our backs broken by personal debt and public austerity. Not content with carving out the remnants of the public sphere and the welfare state, capitalism and the austerity-state now even attack the private realm and people's right to decent dwelling as thousands of foreclosed-upon homeowners find themselves both homeless and indebted to the banks who have forced them on to the streets.

...as things stand we will all work ourselves raw, our backs broken by personal debt and public austerity.

So we stand with you not just in your attempts to bring down the old but to experiment with the new. We are not protesting. Who is there to protest to? What could we ask them for that they could grant? We are occupying. We are reclaiming those same spaces of public practice that have been commodified, privatized and locked into the hands of faceless bureaucracy , real estate portfolios, and police 'protection'. Hold on to these spaces, nurture them, and let the boundaries of your occupations grow. After all, who built these parks, these plazas, these buildings? Whose labor made them real and livable? Why should it seem so natural that they should be withheld from us, policed and disciplined? Reclaiming these spaces and managing them justly and collectively is proof enough of our legitimacy.

Those who said that the Egyptian revolution was peaceful did not see the horrors that police visited upon us

In our own occupations of Tahrir, we encountered people entering the Square every day in tears because it was the first time they had walked through those streets and spaces without being harassed by police; it is not just the ideas that are important, these spaces are fundamental to the possibility of a new world. These are public spaces. Spaces for gathering, leisure, meeting, and interacting – these spaces should be the reason we live in cities. Where the state and the interests of owners have made them inaccessible, exclusive or dangerous, it is up to us to make sure that they are safe, inclusive and just. We have and must continue to open them to anyone that wants to build a better world, particularly for the marginalized, excluded and for those groups who have suffered the worst .

What you do in these spaces is neither as grandiose and abstract nor as quotidian as "real democracy"; the nascent forms of praxis and social engagement being made in the occupations avoid the empty ideals and stale parliamentarianism that the term democracy has come to represent. And so the occupations must continue, because there is no one left to ask for reform. They must continue because

It is not our desire to participate in violence, but it is even less our desire to lose.

we are creating what we can no longer wait for.

But the ideologies of property and propriety will manifest themselves again. Whether through the overt opposition of property owners or municipalities to your encampments or the more subtle attempts to control space through traffic regulations, anti-camping laws or health and safety rules. There is a direct conflict between what we seek to make of our cities and our spaces and what the law and the systems of policing standing behind it would have us do.

We faced such direct and indirect violence , and continue to face it . Those who said that the Egyptian revolution was peaceful did not see the horrors that police visited upon us, nor did they see the resistance and even force that revolutionaries used against the police to defend their tentative occupations and spaces: by the government's own admission; 99 police stations were put to the torch, thousands of police cars were destroyed, and all of the ruling party's offices around Egypt were burned down. Barricades were erected, officers were beaten back and pelted with rocks even as they fired tear gas and live ammunition on us. But at the end of the day on the 28th of January they retreated, and we had won our cities.

It is not our desire to participate in violence, but it is even less our desire to lose.

If we do not resist, actively, when they come to take what we have won back, then we will surely lose. Do not confuse the tactics that we used when we shouted "peaceful" with fetishizing nonviolence; if the state had given up immediately we would have been overjoyed, but as they sought to abuse us, beat us, kill us, we knew that there was no other option than to fight back. Had we laid down and allowed ourselves to be arrested, tortured, and martyred to "make a point", we would be no less bloodied, beaten and dead. Be prepared to defend these things you have occupied, that you are building, because, after everything else has been taken from us, these reclaimed spaces are so very precious.

By way of concluding then, our only real advice to you is to continue, keep going and do not stop. Occupy more, find each other, build larger and larger networks and keep discovering new ways to experiment with social life, consensus, and democracy. Discover new ways to use these spaces, discover new ways to hold on to them and never give them up again. Resist fiercely when you are under attack, but otherwise take pleasure in what you are doing, let it be easy, fun even. We are all watching one another now, and from Cairo we want to say that we are in solidarity with you, and we love you all for what you are doing.

Barricades were erected, officers were beaten back and pelted with rocks even as they fired tear gas and live ammunition on us. But at the end of the day on the 28th of January they retreated, and we had won our cities.

Lunch Duty

by S.Press

I've written a satirical article from the point of view of a male worker harassed by his female boss. I thought it would be interesting to take a different perspective on workplace harassment—talking about it from a man's point of view rather than a woman's, while keeping it lighthearted. Class struggle certainly includes preconceived gender roles and I feel that people often assume women are the only victims of sexual harassment as men are so often portrayed as the more powerful of the two sexes in the working world. *-S.Press*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,

I am writing this formal letter of complaint in response to a horrendous tributary of incidents that have befallen me in the last three weeks of working for your corporation.

I began here approximately two months prior to the initial episode, working in the backroom- mostly stocking and packing- but occasionally being called in to make special deliveries for the chief's lunch. There were, of course, no foreseeable implications in this task- it was simple, and I was told by the chief that all the other one hundred and seven employees available were unable to complete this assignment; they were all ostensibly dyslexic and incapable of identifying the big yellow M across the street where they were to pick up her very particular, "Big Mac hold the meat, extra Mac sauce, no fat, make sure it doesn't have that weird dog smell" McDeal. I was coolly compliant, no doubt, though well aware that this duty was by no means one that any employee in this line of business should be subject to; but I did it, nonetheless.

The lunches I delivered were well received for a good several weeks; the chief even said on numerous occasions that if I continued performing at this standard, there was a good chance I might see a promotion in the near future. It was then that I began questioning my lunch duty; was it really the most promising route to furthering my career? Why did these fast food deliveries seem to be of greater importance than the actual man labour I had sold myself into?

After several mentions of this "upcoming promotion", I began to feel uncomfortable with the idea of lunch delivery-surely there was no meat in the daily sandwiches I would bring, but the chief held me in her gape like the meat she hungered to taste, I saw

her undressing me with her seedy Mc Eye. It was on February 10th-the day I have consciously marked as the first official incident of harassment-that she vocalized this conception. "Show me some meat, honey boy," she beckoned over to me in her abysmal sultry fashion. I left the room immediately, feigning ignorance and returning ten minutes later with a hot dog bought at a vendor across the street, which I proceeded to set on her desk beside a magazine opened to an article archiving despicable things dominant women can do to blind men. She laughed at me as I did this, in her terrible smoker's cackle, exclaiming I'd given her the wrong sausage. It was my first encounter with workplace harassment. I was utterly helpless. I remained in the stocking room until five that evening until the work day ended, hiding behind boxes whenever I so much as heard a pin drop.

From that day onward, things progressed very quickly. The chief's personal secretary, Hilary, was fired outright on account of having used a company computer as a means to set up an online dating account-which she, to this day, still denies ever having seen. I believe her. The photo on this alleged account was of her and the chief on Bring Your Kids to Work Day- Hilary's face was half cropped, leaving a sufficient three quarters of the foreground well open for the smiling, wild-eyed chief. I, of course, was to take Hilary's place on account of affirmative action. "We don't have enough Latino male secretaries in the working world," was her reasoning. I'm Irish. In any case, I felt compelled to obey for fear of losing my job as well as my working visa, and I truly did believe the situation might right itself.

From this point onwards however, I lived on the teetering precipice of a compliant employee and a terribly shell shocked victim of sexual harassment. The incidents of this aggressive behaviour have only worsened and become increasingly more frequent. It was February seventeenth that I was "promoted" to secretarial staff (cabana boy), and on February eighteenth, the chief ambushed me in the men's washroom. It would be unprofessional for me to detail this atrocious occurrence in its entirety, but I must assure you that along with this complaint, I will be pursuing this company in court, as I've since had to go to several specialists, and will be requiring extensive therapy, both physical and psychological. She wore only a cheetah snuggie.

Nevertheless, I will end here and maintain my professionalism. There is no need for me to further assail your moral rightness with stories of such female depravity; but I must urge you, to whom this may concern, to seek action, justice, and remove this woman from our workplace- forbid her from coming within a fifty kilometre radius of this location. She has destroyed my life, both here and privately, and I will not sleep knowing that if you do not fire her- in which case I will be forced to excuse myself- that she will be capable of victimizing an inestimable plethora of helpless men in this workplace. She is a wolf, we are mere sheep. We are a humble breed, we require only tolerance and respect, but women will have none of it. They wish to destroy us, subjugate us, throw our weak bodies to the ground and break our spines with their heels. I have fallen to this Echidna, this vicious snake woman, but this is my appeal to you, to whom this may concern, to give me back my manhood.

Yours Truly,
Anonymous Male Worker

Ill Circle

Excerpt from:

The Coming Insurrection

By *The Invisible Committee*

"Life, health and love are precarious—why should work be an exception?"

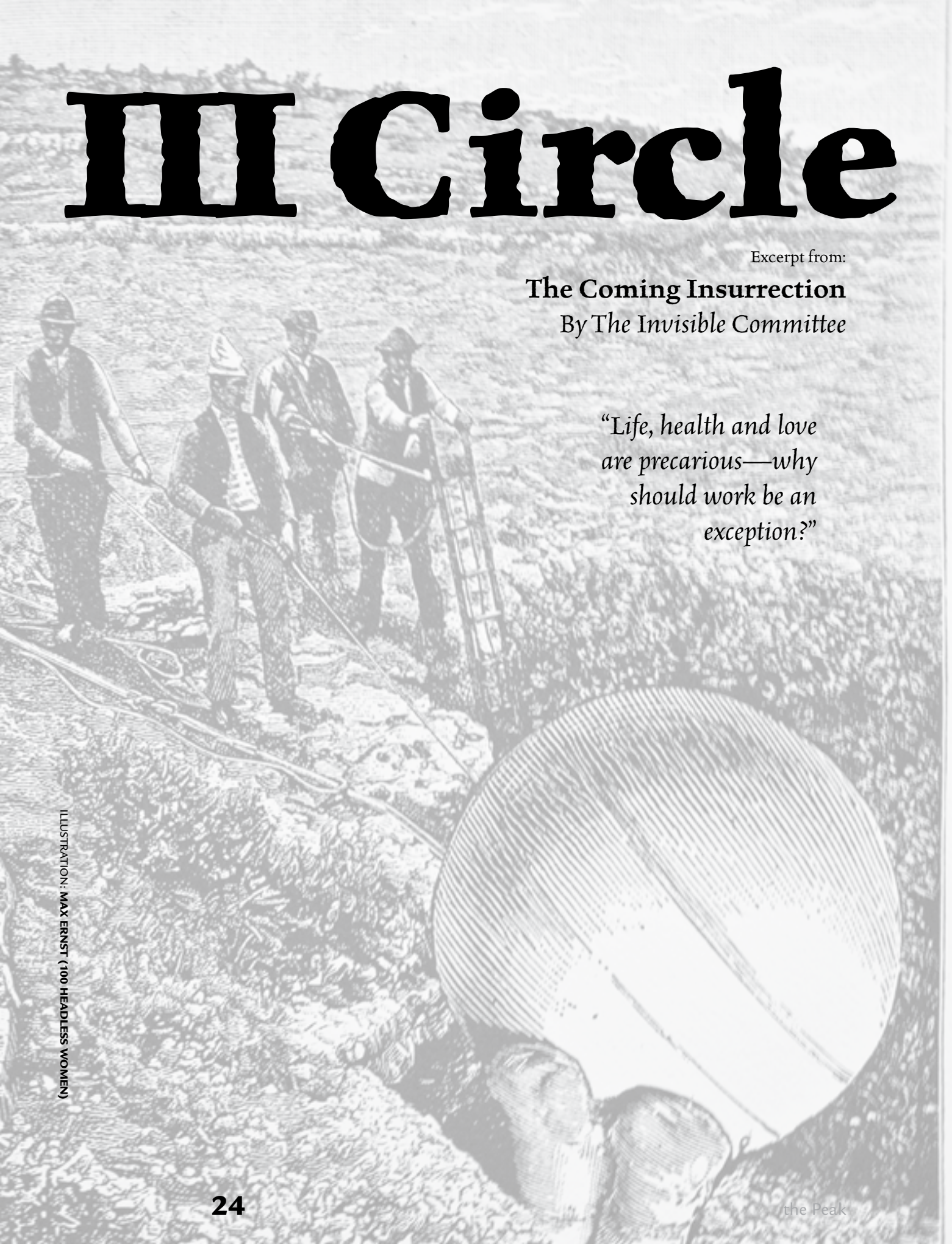


ILLUSTRATION: **MAX ERNST (100 HEADLESS WOMEN)**

No question is more confused, in France, than the question of work. No relation is more disfigured than the one between the French and work. Go to Andalusia, to Algeria, to Naples. They despise work, profoundly. Go to Germany, to the United States, to Japan. They revere work. Things are changing, it's true. There are plenty of otaku in Japan, frohe Arbeitslose in Germany and workaholics in Andalusia. But for the time being these are only curiosities. In France, we get down on all fours to climb the ladders of hierarchy, but privately flatter ourselves that we don't really give a shit. We stay at work until ten o'clock in the evening when we're swamped, but we've never had any scruples about stealing office supplies here and there, or carting off the inventory in order to resell it later. We hate bosses, but we want to be employed at any cost. To have a job is an honor, yet working is a sign of servility. In short: the perfect clinical illustration of hysteria. We love while hating, we hate while loving. And we all know the stupor and confusion that strike the hysteric when he loses his victim – his master. Most of the time he never recovers.

This neurosis is the foundation upon which successive governments could declare war on joblessness, pretending to wage a "battle on unemployment" while ex-managers camped with their cell phones in Red Cross shelters along the banks of the Seine. While the Department of Labor was massively manipulating its statistics in order to bring unemployment numbers below two million. While welfare checks and drug dealing were the only guarantees, as the French state has recognized, against the possibility of social unrest at each and every moment. It's the psychic economy of the French as much as the political stability of the country that is at stake in the maintenance of the workerist fiction.

Excuse us if we don't give a fuck.

We belong to a generation that lives very well in this fiction. That has never counted on either a pension or the right to work, let alone rights at work. That isn't even "precarious," as the most advanced factions of the militant left like to theorize, because to be precarious is still to define oneself in relation to the sphere of work, that is, to its decomposition. We accept the necessity of finding money, by whatever means, because it is currently impossible to do without it, but we reject the necessity of working. Besides, we don't work anymore: we do our time. Business is not a place where we exist, it's a place we pass through. We aren't cynical, we are just reluctant to be deceived. All these discourses on motivation, quality and personal investment pass us by, to the great dismay of human resources managers. They say we are disappointed by business, that it failed to honor our parents' loyalty, that it let them go too quickly. They are lying. To be disappointed, one must have hoped for something. And we have never hoped for anything from business: we see it for what it is and for what it has always been, a fool's game of varying degrees of comfort. On behalf of our parents, our only regret is that they fell into the trap, at least the ones who believed.

The sentimental confusion that surrounds the question of work can be explained thus: the notion of work has always included two contradictory dimensions: a dimension of exploitation and a dimension of participation. Exploitation of individual and collective labor power through the private or social appropriation of surplus value; participation in a common effort through the relations linking those who cooperate at the heart of the universe of production. These two dimensions are perversely confused in the notion of work, which explains workers' indifference, at the end of the day, to both Marxist rhetoric – which

denies the dimension of participation – and managerial rhetoric – which denies the dimension of exploitation. Hence the ambivalence of the relation of work, which is shameful insofar as it makes us strangers to what we are doing, and at the same time adored, insofar as a part of ourselves is brought into play. The disaster has already occurred: it resides in everything that had to be destroyed, in all those who had to be uprooted, in order for work to end up as the only way of existing. The horror of work is less in the work itself than in the methodical ravaging, for centuries, of all that isn't work: the familiarities of one's neighborhood and trade, of one's village, of struggle, of kinship, our attachment to places, to beings, to the seasons, to ways of doing and speaking.

Here lies the present paradox: work has totally triumphed over all other ways of existing, at the very moment when workers have become superfluous. Gains in productivity, outsourcing, mechanization, automated and digital production have so progressed that they have almost reduced to zero the quantity of living labor necessary in the manufacture of any product. We are living the paradox of a society of workers without work, where entertainment, consumption and leisure only underscore the lack from which they are supposed to distract us. The mine in Carmaux, famous for a century of violent strikes, has now been reconverted into Cape Discovery. It's an entertainment "multiplex" for skateboarding and biking, distinguished by a "Mining Museum" in which methane blasts are simulated for vacationers.

"The series of tasks that can't be delegated to automation form a nebulous cluster of jobs that, because they cannot be occupied by machines, are occupied by any old human – warehousemen, stock people, assembly line workers, seasonal workers, etc."

In corporations, work is divided in an increasingly visible way into highly skilled positions of research, conception, control, coordination and communication which deploy all the knowledge necessary for the new, cybernetic production process, and unskilled positions for the maintenance and surveillance of this process. The first are few in number, very well paid and thus so coveted that the minority who occupy these positions will do anything to avoid losing them. They and their work are effectively bound in one anguished embrace. Managers, scientists, lobbyists, researchers, programmers, developers, consultants and engineers, literally never stop working. Even their sex lives serve to augment productivity. A Human Resources philosopher writes, "The most creative businesses are the ones with the greatest number of intimate relations." "Business associates," a Daimler-Benz Human Resources Manager confirms, "are an important part of the business's capital...Their motivation, their know-how, their capacity to innovate and their attention to clients' desires constitute the raw material of innovative services ...Their behaviour, their social and emotional competence, are a growing factor in the evaluation of their work...This will no longer be evaluated in terms of number of hours on the job, but on the basis of objectives attained and quality of results. They are entrepreneurs."

The series of tasks that can't be delegated to automation form a nebulous cluster of jobs that, because they cannot be occupied by machines, are occupied by any old human – warehousemen, stock people, assembly line workers, seasonal workers, etc. This flexible, undifferentiated workforce that moves from one task to the next and never stays long in a business can no longer even consolidate itself as a force, being outside the center of the production process and employed to plug the holes of what has not yet been mechanized, as

if pulverized in a multitude of interstices. The temp is the figure of the worker who is no longer a worker, who no longer has a trade – but only abilities that he sells where he can – and whose very availability is also a kind of work.

On the margins of this workforce that is effective and necessary for the functioning of the machine, is a growing majority that has become superfluous, that is certainly useful to the flow of production but not much else, which introduces the risk that, in its idleness, it will set about sabotaging the machine. The menace of a general demobilization is the spectre that haunts the present system of production. Not everybody responds to the question "why work?" in the same way as this ex-welfare recipient: "for my well-being. I have to keep myself busy." There is a serious risk that we will end up finding a job in our very idleness. This floating population must somehow be kept occupied. But to this day they have not found a better disciplinary method than wages. It's therefore necessary to pursue the dismantling of "social gains" so that the most restless ones, those who will only surrender when faced with the alternative between dying of hunger or stagnating in jail, are lured back to the bosom of wage-labor. The burgeoning slave trade in "personal services" must continue: cleaning, catering, massage, domestic nursing, prostitution, tutoring, therapy, psychological aid, etc. This is accompanied by a continual raising of the standards of security, hygiene, control, and culture, and by an accelerated recycling of fashions, all of which establish the need for such services. In Rouen, we now have "human parking meters:" someone who waits around on the street and delivers you your parking slip, and, if it's raining, will even rent you an umbrella.

The order of work was the order of a world. The evidence of its ruin is paralyzing to those who dread what will come after. Today work is tied less to the economic necessity of producing goods than to the political necessity of producing producers and consumers, and of preserving by any means necessary the order of work. Producing oneself is becoming the dominant occupation of a society where production no longer has an object: like a carpenter who's been evicted from his shop and in desperation sets about hammering and sawing himself. All these young people smiling for their job interviews, who have their teeth whitened to give them an edge, who go to nightclubs to boost the company spirit, who learn English to advance their careers, who get divorced or married to move up the ladder, who take courses in leadership or practice "self-improvement" in order to better "manage conflicts" – "the most intimate self-improvement", says one guru, "will lead to increased emotional stability, to smoother and more open relationships, to sharper intellectual focus, and therefore to a better economic performance." This swarming little crowd that waits impatiently to be hired while doing



WOODCUT: **OTTO NUCKEL**

whatever it can to seem natural is the result of an attempt to rescue the order of work through an ethos of mobility. To be mobilized is to relate to work not as an activity but as a possibility. If the unemployed person removes his piercings, goes to the barber and keeps himself busy with "projects," if he really works on his "employability," as they say, it's because this is how he demonstrates his mobility. Mobility is this slight detachment from the self, this minimal disconnection from what constitutes us, this condition of strangeness whereby the self can now be taken up as an object of work, and it now becomes possible to sell oneself rather than one's labor power, to be remunerated not for what one does but for what one is, for our exquisite mastery of social codes, for our relational talents, for our smile and our way of presenting ourselves. This is the new standard of socialization. Mobility brings about a fusion of the two contradictory poles of work: here we participate in our own exploitation, and all participation is exploited. Ideally, you are yourself a little business, your own boss, your own product. Whether one is working or not, it's a question of generating contacts, abilities, networking, in short: "human capital." The planetary injunction to mobilize at the slightest pretext – cancer, "terrorism," an earthquake, the homeless – sums up the reigning powers' determination to maintain the reign of work beyond its physical disappearance.

The present production apparatus is therefore, on the one hand, a gigantic machine for psychic and physical mobilization, for sucking the energy of humans that have become superfluous, and, on the other hand, it is a sorting machine that allocates survival to conformed subjectivities and rejects all "problem individuals," all those who embody another use of life and, in this way, resist it. On the one hand, ghosts are brought to life, and on the other, the living are left to die. This is the properly political function of the contemporary production apparatus.

To organize beyond and against work, to collectively desert the regime of mobility, to demonstrate the existence of a vitality and a discipline precisely in demobilization, is a crime for which a civilization on its knees is not about to forgive us. In fact, it's the only way to survive it.

Guelph Anarchist Reading Group Presents:

A discussion of the text,

The Coming Insurrection: Third Circle

By The Invisible Committee

Thurs. December 15th, 2011

7:30PM

49 Alice St.

Guelph, Ont

Prisons, Capitalism and the Occupy Movement

by anon

The occupy movement has started to shine light on the exploitation, racism, control, and destruction that capitalism both creates and relies on. The project of building a new world that is not based on profit, exploitation, and dominance involves recognition of the role prisons play in our current system. Prisons isolate us from our communities and our own lives. Prisons function to keep money in the pockets of corporations and politicians at the expense of our lives. Prisons epitomize business and the government's control over individuals and the destruction of communities. In other words, prisons rely on and create the same fucked up world that capitalism does.

We are fed the idea that prison is a place for 'others', however when we break the isolation of prisons we recognize the label of 'criminal' is created by those who profit off the prison system. This profit is made by the continued expansion of prisons and the compliance of those on the outside, as well as society's continued belief in the judicial system. Prison is 'legal' slavery; both institutions are isolating and reinforce power structures and racism. They destroy communities and exploit individuals for profit. In a very real way prison has simply replaced slavery. Slavery and prison exist because of the myth propagated by elite that the only way people, in particular people of colour and poor people, can contribute to society is by force and enslavement. By punishing us and our community members for disobeying laws made by the elite few, prisons take away the ability to create community and autonomy.

HOW IS THIS RELEVANT TO THE OCCUPY MOVEMENT?

The same people who benefited from slavery, are the same fuckers who benefit from prisons: the capitalist, the police, the corporate media, politicians, the corporations so on: these are the enemies of the occupy movement, the one percent. Prison has a long legacy of providing the capitalist class with its means. To capitalism, prisoners are raw material. Prisons have provided the upper class white people who couldn't use slavery a new cheap work force, as those in prison are forced to work for little to no wages. This trend still continues today. Prisoners, mainly people of colour and poor, are rendered dispensable on the outside but major source of profit in the prison world. Through the use of prison labor (The production of prison products such as food, clothing, etc.) many corporations benefit from prisons. The prison is an industry that profits off of the caging of individuals. It's no doubt why convict labour is hidden in our history (unlike black slave labour): government and corporations don't want us to recognize that forms of slavery still exist. The prison industry also

The same people who benefited from slavery, are the same fuckers who benefit from prisons...

benefits politicians who promise to build new prisons and protect the people from an unseen evil: crime. But in reality these prisons function to isolate us and further control us - for their benefit.

The rise of prison sentences came about with the rise of industrial capitalism. As human value became quantified by wage labor, so did our freedom, or lack thereof. Therefore if we wish to resist the quantification of our lives, whereby money is equal to time and life, where our value is measured by time and wage, prison must be destroyed.

It's no coincidence that the emergence of global capitalism in the 80s coincided with a boom in prison construction. In this context, poor people's ability to survive became constrained by the looming presence of the prison. Prison building projects function as a means of concentrating and managing what the capital system had declared to be a human surplus.

Without capitalism and power, prisons would be called what they are: abusive, racist and isolating. Like capitalism, we cannot reform prisons because at the essence of prison and capitalism is domination and power over communities and individuals. Let's destroy capitalism and free our communities by exposing prisons for what they are: revolting.



#Occupy School

More Money, More Problems, More School, More Debt

By K. Fed

From a young age we are told that the only way to become something in this world is by getting a "real education" i.e. going to university or college. For many, this period comes when we begin to question the very nature of our society, yet we are thrown full force into the realm of post-secondary prisons, locked in a perpetual wheel of due dates, exams, debt and headaches.

In school, many of us have to take boring classes because they are required, study hours of useless information, only to forget it after the exam. Why do we waste our time? Is it to teach us discipline, study skills and a good work ethic, or to keep us exhausted and stuck in the cycle of study – drink – study, repeat.

In school, many of us have to take boring classes because they are required, study hours of useless information, only to forget it after the exam. Why do we waste our time?

We are taught that going to university is the only way to make a decent wage, to participate and be an active member of society. Beyond the bonuses of taxes, tuition debt and long work weeks, what has university given us - a diploma and a faint prospect of a reputable job?

We have all heard that tuition rates keep going up, that an undergraduate, even a master 's degree can't get us a proper job. Every year students are graduating with no job prospects and are forced to work minimum wage jobs to pay back their loans. Every year more and more first year students enter the university system.

We are told by the administration that student tuition rates must go up to meet costs and deliver quality education; yet has the quality of our education really kept up with these necessary costs? Ontario has the worst student to teacher ratio in the country; huge class sizes, frequent disruptions and a serious lack of one on one time with our professors.

This is not an welcoming environment for engaging with your education.

When exam time strolls around we push our bodies to the limit, staying

up on coffee and Adderall – scanning information databases for publications and ideas we can steal (as long as we site our sources). Relying more on the words that have been written by other people instead of our own ideas is effectively selling ourselves short. Yet we justify this by reaffirming that we are the elite, we are university students- we deserve to be here, because we work hard- if that doesn't work, well than there's always the excuse that everyone else is doing it.

With debt, stress, alienation and blind obedience, is university really a stepping stone or is it a mere reflection of a broken and passive system?

What is your goal in your education? To become a unique individual; or to just fall in line, to compete, to fight for a spot among the best and the brightest? Shouldn't you demand to learn about things that really interest you instead of being subjected to useless assignments and trivial statistics? After all you 're paying to be here.

If we are stuck working minimum wage jobs before, during and even after university, all just to pay off our debt, is there really an added benefit to "higher education"? With debt, stress, alienation and blind obedience, is university really a stepping stone or is it a mere reflection of a broken and passive system?

Originally printed in Getting to the Roots: Issue 2. It can be found at www.gettotheroots.wordpress.com

Ryan Rainville's Statement to the Court

Note: Ryan Rainville is one of [number of] activists facing charges related to their activities around the G20 in June, 2010. On October 31st, with at least a dozen supporters present, Ryan made the following statement to the court.

An issue which the state has raised in relation to my sentencing concerns my connection to my legal father's Native heritage and the First Nations, which the state refers to as the "Aboriginal Community." It includes questions about my reasons for being at the Sagatay residence and my attitude toward Native culture and spirituality. I will address each of these concerns now.

First of all, it is misleading to talk about the "Aboriginal community," because there is not one Aboriginal community, People or culture. There are many Aboriginal communities, Peoples, and cultures, and this is the reason why we use the plural designation of First Nations when talking about Indigenous Peoples in Canada.

My legal father's heritage is Sioux and Plains Cree, although according to custom his father joined the Cree Nation when he married his mother, so he is registered as a member of the Sakimay Band. He was raised in a residential school and his immediate family left the reserve more than fifty years ago. After he left school he moved across the country and intentionally avoided contact with any of the First Nations because he was ashamed of being, as he called himself, "an Indian." He had no stories to tell me about traditional Cree cultural practises because he didn't know any, but he did tell me about how when he was a small boy, the Keeper of the school used to take him out of his bed at night and return him in the morning (he says he can't remember what happened to him during the hours in between); how small boys were awakened, caned, and forced to stand in the corner during the night if they did not sleep with their arms outside of the covers at all times; how he was constantly taught that he was a sinner and found himself making up sins to confess on Sunday because he was so sure he must have done something wrong that he believed that he needed to be punished anyway; and how, when it was time to play "cowboys and Indians" on the schoolyard, no Native child wanted to be an "Indian," because every child in the residential school thought she or he "knew" how bad "Indians" were. He also

told me how he was frequently racially profiled and harassed by police when the white people around him were not; how his white friends could stagger home from the bar without interruption but he was on several occasions taken to drunk tanks and Native shelters to "sleep it off" even though he had photo identification with a perfectly good address; and how he was often followed around stores by security staff even though he had never stolen anything in his life. On several occasions, I also had to defend myself from the racist insults directed toward my father by white children in my classes at school, and I cringed when I had to explain to him the reason why I had been sent to the principal's office on those days.

I have not refused to participate in these spiritual activities, but I have refused to falsely embrace traditional Native customs and beliefs in order to appease the Canadian state.

I want to make it clear to the court that the connection I feel to my legal father is not rooted in a shared sense of Cree, or even Native, heritage or cultural tradition. It is rooted in my experience of the oppressive ways in which racism and colonialism have impacted on his life as a First Nations man living in the racist, colonial, Canadian state. This is a connection that is not limited to one Native community or cultural experience. It is a connection to a shared experience of racist, colonial, oppression that bridges all cultural and historical differences between First Nations Peoples. I take that connection very seriously, or I would not be here in court today.

I currently reside at Sagatay, which is a shelter for homeless Native men, but my case is somewhat atypical because it does not involve a problem with chronic substance abuse or a history of being in and out of jail prior to my participation in the anti-G20 protests of last year. My reason for being at Sagatay is that I was considered to be homeless at the time I was applying for bail. I was considered to be homeless because the court would not let me return to my previous surety's house even though I had been living there and abiding by previous bail conditions at the time of my last arrest. One condition of living at Sagatay was that I participate in a mandatory three-month daily program, with an optional three month extension which I participated in as well. Another is to take part in doing household chores, which I have done except on those occasions when I was absent from the residence for court, appointments, or overnight passes. There are also opportunities to participate in sweat lodges and other ceremonies which are, to my knowledge, neither Sioux nor Plains Cree, but that is not an issue for me. I have not refused to participate in these spiritual activities, but I have refused to falsely embrace traditional Native customs and beliefs in order to appease the Canadian state. I respect other people's spirituality and appreciate the comfort and benefit that many First Nations men find in participating in Native spiritual practises, but I am not a religious person, and I will not exploit Native culture in exchange for a better sentencing report or to make me seem more appealing to the court.

In regard to my connection to the anti-colonial struggle of the First Nations, it has been suggested by the state that there are both legitimate and illegitimate claims made by First Nations Peoples, or organizations, and that mine are somehow illegitimate. Well, in my experience all First Nations make

the same claims against the colonial Canadian government: that Canada is founded on stolen Native land, that First Nations Peoples have been oppressed economically, politically, and socially within the colonial structure, and that First Nations Peoples are entitled to hold, make decisions about, and utilize for their collective benefit, the land and resources which have been taken and kept from them by the colonial Canadian state and its police and military forces. These claims are not only consistently made by First Nations Peoples and organizations across the country, they are also consistently legitimate, whether or not they are voiced by me, or a Mohawk Warrior, or the Chief of the Assembly of First Nations.

Differences do arise between First Nations Peoples and organizations over the ways and means used to achieve these goals. The colonial state and its defenders are quick to paint some of these means as being legitimate and others illegitimate, but there is strong support for radical Indigenous activism across the country, and many of us embrace and encourage those who are brave enough to risk their lives and personal freedom in order to put an end to colonial oppression by any constructive means necessary (to adapt a phrase first given to us by Malcolm X). Although I have consistently maintained a strong commitment to protecting both human and non-human animal life throughout my protest activities, last year at the beginning of my third and longest period of incarceration I was viciously beaten and kicked to the floor by prison guards who explicitly told me they were doing so because I was what they called a "violent" anti-G20 protester. They showed my bruised face to the next man waiting when they brought me out and said they were going to do the same thing to him because he was an anti-G20 protester too. This is a stark example of the way in which state violence permeates every aspect of my life because I have chosen to challenge its oppressive institutions, yet it is something that First Nations and Peoples of Color must experience every day simply because their very existence represents a threat to the racist, colonial, capitalist state.

This brings me to the final issue that I am going to address in my statement: the reasons and circumstances which have led me to be in court today. I have already told the court that I reject and challenge the anti-social behaviour of the authoritarian capitalist state, the corporations it protects, and the armed forces it uses to protect them. I have explained the sense of connection that I feel to the First Nations' struggle against colonial oppression. In addition, I have a deep sense of connection to anti-imperialist struggle around the world, from Latin America and Haiti to Greece and Palestine. Much of this comes from the awareness that my mother instilled in me from childhood of the abysmal living and working conditions endured by the majority of people around the world. I was also lucky enough to have a stepfather who participated in the Salvadorean people's revolutionary struggle against the brutally repressive US and Canadian-backed governments of the time.

My stepfather told me about the incredible spirit of resistance and courage he found in the Salvadorean people. He drew on that spirit himself when he joined the resistance in spite of the state-sponsored torture and murder of many people around him, including some of his teenage schoolmates. He relied on it again for survival when he too was disappeared and tortured as a result of his work teaching poor Salvadoreans about their constitutional rights. Throughout his experience as an immigrant of colour in Canada he has drawn on the same spirit of resistance as he fought against poverty,

racism, and classism in a racist colonial state. He has consistently taught me through word and example that we must resist oppression in any way that we can, because people everywhere are suffering and dying so that a few affluent countries, and corporations, can prosper at any expense.

The understanding and experiences of oppression and resistance that I have drawn together here in my statement to the court form the core of my commitment to resisting state and capitalist oppression by any constructive means necessary. By constructive means necessary I am referring to anything which effectively disrupts capitalist business as usual but causes no harm to human or nonhuman animal life.

The colonial capitalist state is violent because capitalist property requires violence in order to keep it under capitalist control, and colonial property requires violence in order to keep it under colonial control. State violence, and the threat of state violence, is so common in our collective lives that many people become desensitized to it and don't really notice it until it is brought to bear directly on their own lives. The state and its forces act with virtual impunity against working and Indigenous Peoples, and state violence is the most pervasive and odious source of violence that we must face.

Defending ourselves from the violence of the capitalist state and its property is not violence, but self defence. Colonial and capitalist property must be abolished in order for state violence to be withdrawn from our lives. In protest actions such as those which I participated in during the last G20, destruction of capitalist property sends a clear message to those in power that oppressing us, and/or other peoples in our name, is absolutely intolerable. It is, in my lived and observed experience, the most resonant way to get that message across, not only to those in power, but also to those who have the power to resist oppression and bring about real change.

I have plead guilty to the destruction of state property, and while awaiting trial and sentencing I have spent more than three months in jail, nine months on house arrest, and two months living under strict bail conditions. I have served enough time in punishment for the damage that I have accepted responsibility for. It is time now for the state to set me free.

The colonial capitalist state is violent because capitalist property requires violence in order to keep it under capitalist control, and colonial property requires violence in order to keep it under colonial control.

Ryan P. Rainville

You & I, perhaps, We Live On

University Island

Steph-Marie Szenasi

If Guelph was a turtle shell, it would carry the weight of approximately 120,000 barnacles, their houses, and backyards, a handful of parks, a lake and a few stone buildings. The university population accounts for 20,000 students, approximately one sixth of Guelph's population not including those who work on campus.

There is something surreal about attending university and living in a "university town". It is rare to come across pockets of land which host large numbers of young individuals within a small radius. Some of us attending the university become acquainted only with the sights and smells of College Avenue to Stone Road- some of us may never see downtown in the daytime (sigh). Some of us may never experience the unique neighbourhoods near Paisley, the footbridge, or the "Ward". Some of us may understand the newer areas of Guelph, or those in transition to what I would deem "Suburbia" on the far reaching corners of the South end.

The idea of a "university town" is not a new concept, but one we may want to revisit. Besides a highly educated and largely transient population, the university town offers a high number of people living "non-traditional lifestyles" and subcultures (i.e. juggling communities, rock-climbers) and a high tolerance for what most would consider unconventional in general. These cities usually have an active musical or cultural scene, and left-wingleft-wing politics. They typically lack heavy industry and rely more on technology sectors and research. As students disperse into the various sub-communities within the city, it is reasonable to assume a sense of invasion or gentrification (referring to the "upper class" moving into a low-income neighbourhood, changing the balance). Inflation, due to the robust spending power of the university, is to be expected.

With the creation of a university town comes "Studentification" (this refers to large numbers of students moving into traditional non-student areas). These transient populations often come into conflict with locals in residential areas as they both support different values, timetables and concept of space. Some students prefer loud music, to leave their lawns unmowed, or their garbage at the curb the day before pick-up. Long-time residents often form and cast stereotypes upon student populations, which can create an unsettled city. Students have the tendency to forget to connect to their communities, or say hi to neighbours. For years, Guelph city council has been taking action to fight "student ghettos". Since 2005, landlords hosting four or more unrelated tenants are required to obtain a lodging permit, as stated in a piece written by The Cannon's Greg Beneteau. As a result, Greg states that many landlords have escaped this by converting the house into two separate apartments which are not required to be inspected. This is a hazard to both students and long-time residents, as these houses may not be fit for high occupancy. The city has also redirected 30,000 dollars to enforce stricter bylaws (i.e. noise, garbage etc).

Is this the direction we need to be moving in? On one hand, Guelph is known for its community spirit, social connection, and friendly atmosphere. On the other hand the University is an island in which students forget they live in a city, amongst long-time residents. This is not to say Guelph does not have any initiatives in place to connect these groups, as we have Farmer's market Saturdays, poetry slams, and movements like Transition Guelph- but we must find more ways to bridge this gap. We must begin to understand the physical infrastructure needed to support students as well as address landlord loopholes. It's important to start somewhere- introduce yourself to your neighbours (bake cookies for them!), reduce porch clutter, and respect the eleven o'clock noise ban. Get connected.

STEEL CITY SOLIDARITY



Steel City Solidarity is a CUPE 3906 working group and Workers Action Centre for precarious workers, specifically those workers who are not supported by a traditional union. Steel City solidarity has been in action since September 2010, since then they have had many victories over bad bosses and landlords. Steel City is composed of precarious workers and labour and community activists from McMaster University and the Hamilton

community. Below is their beliefs about precarious work and how they are active against it.

WE SEEK TO RESTRUCTURE WORKING CONDITIONS IN FAVOUR OF THE PEOPLE ACTUALLY DOING THE WORK.

We focus on the bare minimum standards of work and pay set out in the Employment Standards Act (ESA), which are denied to many workers, either by lack of enforcement or by exemption. We look first to see the ESA enforced as the basic employment contract for all workers in all industries, and then to build capacity for workers to take what is rightfully theirs: liveable work conditions and, and power on the job.

WE HOLD EMPLOYERS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WORKING CONDITIONS THEY CREATE AND CONTROL.

Employers are responsible for creating precarity on the job; we want to make them responsible for the harm they cause by doing so. Bad bosses, bad working conditions, unpaid wages, harassment and discrimination will be on our radar, and we will help workers hold their employers accountable.

WE BELIEVE IN WORKER-LED CAMPAIGNS.

Workers in precarious employment are not alone and can organize themselves. Steel City Solidarity will help precarious workers build collective strength, organize their own work sites and launch campaigns to fight for better working conditions on their own terms. We can take the pressure off individual workers by sharing the skills of labour organizing, providing political and practical education and supporting workers to fight for power over their own work.

WE SUPPORT USE OF CREATIVE TACTICS, DIRECT ACTION, AND TRADITIONAL LABOUR ORGANIZING.

For many workers, losing wages by striking is not an option. But that doesn't give bad bosses absolute power. Steel City Solidarity supports alternative action campaigns, including boycotts, picketing, letter-writing, public and worksite demonstrations, bad boss tours and political lobbying. We also accept a skeptical and strategic use of the legal system, recognizing that legal options can be demoralizing, exhausting and lengthy, and are ultimately designed to fail workers.

Real power lies in building strength and solidarity in our workplaces and communities. Whatever the action, workers are the experts on their own working conditions, and we work with their leadership.

JUSTICE FOR WORKERS, AT THE WORKPLACE AND IN THE COMMUNITY.

Injustice at work is a product of a capitalist economic and social system. This system marginalizes and oppresses people based on class, race, gender, citizenship, age and ability. We recognize that our work must take place within an anti-oppressive, anti-racist and feminist framework.

Movements against racism and sexism, open border campaigns and living wage and adequate social assistance campaigns are also worker-led movements for justice. We support workers' campaigns for justice at work, and in the larger community.

PRECARIOUS WORK IS REAL WORK AND HARD WORK

WHAT IS PRECARIOUS WORK?

"Precarious work" describes labour conditions that exist on the margins of employment. It is work that has been made temporary or contract, forcing workers to be "flexible" about earning a stable income; "part-time," when the difference

between part-time and full-time work can be as little as one scheduled hour, and as much as a lower wage and no benefits; or hidden from regulation: jobs designed to be exempt from Employment Standards and Occupational Health and Safety legislation, or performed by workers who are denied the rights of Canadian citizens.

Many precarious workers are told our jobs are pit-stops on a career path; not real jobs for real workers. But the work we do is difficult and demanding, health and safety hazards cause real injuries, and at the end of the day, we are as tired and sore as any worker, but with less pay, fewer rights, no benefits and no options.

PRECARIOUS WORK HAS ALWAYS EXISTED.

We often describe precarious work as different from "standard employment relationships," a phrase describing relatively stable and regulated work under capitalism, but the reality is that precarious work is standard, usual and everyday. Precarious work has always been used as the underground support system for the rich and elite.

Precarious workers have been our society's farm workers, caregivers, nannies, maids, cooks and restaurant workers, contract workers and temps, casualized industrial workers, wives, mothers, sex workers, taxi drivers and educators. The workers whose labour has been made most precarious are workers who are already marginalized in our society: young and immigrant or refugee workers, racialized women, people with disabilities, and people whose residency in Canada is not documented.

PRECARIOUS WORKERS ARE VITAL TO OUR ECONOMIC SYSTEM.

Because precarious work has been described as non-standard and done by people who are marginalized by racism, sexism, colonialism, ableism and ageism, it has been underpaid, unvalued and unrecognized. But the work of the privileged, the profits of the employers and the easy lives of the rich could not exist without precarious workers.

PRECARIOUS WORK CREATES PRECARIOUS LIVES; PRECARIOUS LIVES ENFORCE PRECARIOUS WORK.

Those with the least privilege and the most barriers in our society have the fewest choices about where or how to work, and precarious work exploits that oppression. It keeps people living paycheque to paycheque, generating the scarcity and need that ensures people will have to do exploitive work. It keeps people poor, anxious and exhausted, limiting our power to challenge the privilege of the ruling class.

A MOVEMENT IS RISING.

Led by women and racialized people around the world, precarious workers have joined forces to end the exploitation of our labour. Since the conditions of precarious work make traditional union organizing difficult or impossible, precarious workers have organized in community unions and Workers Action Centres.

The scarcity and instability imposed on us for generations has forced us to develop a shared culture of resourcefulness, strength and creativity, despite the exploitive and isolating tactics that have been used to drive us apart. Organized precarious workers around the world have become a force to be reckoned with.

Attacks on "standard employment," in the name of profit and excused by economic crisis, have begun to push all workers toward precarity. Workers whose jobs had been relatively stable are now facing the same deregulation, casualization and flexibility that have always been used to exploit precarious workers. Rather than being weakened by worsening work conditions, we gain power by joining forces.

Students & Workers United Can Never Be Defeated!

by Peter Miller and Drew Garvie

Your campus is filled with people who work to make your education possible. Important tasks performed by workers on campus include cleaning residences, teaching in front of classes, marking papers, serving food at Creelman, and much more. The objective of this article is to discuss labour relations and issues at the University of Guelph. It is important to remember that labour has worked very hard to struggle for worker's rights, and one of the areas of struggle has been on University campuses.

Unions on campus work to protect and fight for their member's rights and interests. The trades, maintenance and custodial workers at the University are represented by CUPE 1334, while your teaching assistants and sessional (part-time professors) are represented by CUPE 3913. The Steelworkers, local 4120, represent clerical and technical staff, and the Faculty Association represents the full-time faculty. There are also workers on campus represented by the Communications, Energy & Paperworkers union, the Ontario Nurses Association, The University of Guelph Police Association, and more.

When CUPE 3913 fights for workload protections for its members, it fights for smaller classes, more one-on-one time with professors, and TA's for students.

The university will always try to put interests of students and workers on campus against each other. It is important for students and workers to contradict this notion. The reality is actually that workers on campus and students should struggle together, but University Administration work to distort reality if it is in their interest.

STUDENTS VS. WORKERS?

The University of Guelph administration even goes so far as to try to prevent student-worker interaction. There is a University policy that workers who are members of CUPE 1334 (non-academic staff) are not allowed to speak with students. This policy is despicable. Not only does it hinder student and worker solidarity, but it is insulting to workers as a whole. The university will also try to say that an increase in a TA (Teachers Assistant)'s wages would increase tuition,

and use rhetoric like this to put students and workers against each other. Workers demanding a living wage, safe working conditions and the right to a decent retirement are not the problem. The cause of the problem is the fact that years of underfunding have been downloaded onto post-secondary students; as a result, tuition fees have been increasing close to four times the rate of inflation. Ontario has the lowest rate of public funding, less than half the per student funding in Alberta. To make up for underfunding, students in Ontario pay the highest tuition fees in the country, double or triple the fees that students in Quebec or Newfoundland and Labrador pay.

The truth is that the Administration is unwilling to fight with students and workers for adequate public funding for this University. Only a broad student and labour movement would result in putting enough pressure on the Federal and Provincial Government to reduce tuition or at least freeze tuition indefinitely. The Administration will raise tuition fees by four or five percent, they will also try and push down labour costs, overlook health and safety concerns and try and gut pensions, for as long as this is allowed, and for as long as there is inadequate funding for universities.

Smaller class sizes not only result in closer relationships with our educators but also closer relationships with our peers, creating a friendlier atmosphere on campus.

WORKING CONDITIONS ARE LEARNING CONDITIONS!

Collective bargaining agreements (CBAs) determine the relationship between the employer (the university administration) and employees (represented by one of the unions above). It is important for students to look at CBA's and see where interests of the two parties really lie. A quick glance shows that workers are fighting for students. For example, in a CBA with CUPE 1334, custodial workers might demand more time to clean university buildings. This means CUPE 1334 is fighting for students to live and learn in a setting where the air is clean. When sessional teachers in CUPE 3913 fight for higher wages, or better pension and health benefits, this means they can focus more attention on teaching and not on paying their bills. The result is a higher quality of teaching on campus. When CUPE 3913 fights for workload protections for its members, it fights for smaller classes, more one-on-one time with professors, and TA's for students. Smaller class sizes not only result in closer relationships with our educators but also closer relationships with our peers, creating a friendlier atmosphere on campus. When any union stands up for health and safety, workload protections or adequate pay, pensions, and benefits, they are standing up for a safe campus, and higher quality education on campus. These goals benefit students as well as workers.

Each of these unions also do work outside bargaining their collective agreements. There has been a long history of students working with organized labour on the University of Guelph campus with tremendous results. We hope 2011 will be a year of solidarity in the fight for accessible, quality education which is part of the same united struggle for worker's rights!

Burn Pile

Most zines reviewed here can be found at the Arrow Archive zine library in UC 107, which is also the home to GRCGED (Guelph Resource Centre for Gender Empowerment and Diversity). To find these titles in the collection refer to the last line of the review (AA location) which will tell you which box to look in to find the zine you are looking for. If there isn't a AA location after the review that means that it's from my personal collection. If you want a copy of that zine use the contact I have included with the review. So stop by and say hello to the folks at GRCGED and check out the zine library. Happy zine reading.Visit our blog arrowarchive.blogspot.com.



Everybody Moon Jump

Dave has done it again only this time bigger. I almost read this zine all in one sitting if it weren't for bus transfers and moving about in my commute to the Peak office. I have been reading Dave's zines for a while now ever since I picked up EMJ way back in I don't know when. I have always found Dave's writing to be funny and soulfully honest. When I read EMJ I feel that I am an ear that Dave whispers his deepest darkest secrets to. But don't get me wrong, when Dave writes it is for an audience. Entertaining us with jokes and silly quips but with also heartfelt confessions that many if not all of us can relate to in one way or another. In EMJ ten Dave writes from his parents house, again needing a break from an overwhelming time. EMJ is Dave's confessional, his therapist, and his best-friend. I found this issue heartbreaking when he writes about his childhood anorexia, and inspirational just by his writing about his experiences. Thumbs up Dave, keep on writing. Can't wait for the next instalment of EMJ! everybodymoonjump.blogspot.com



S/he's Got Labe

S/he's Got Labe is a super sexy, sex positive zine. As the title suggests this is a Genderfucking zine. This issue has many awesome little snippets of sex work suggestions, stories of sexy play times, sexy poetry. Oh and it came with cute free stickers, one of a walkman labeled gender and the other of a stereo labeled transgender. If you can find a copy of this out of print wonder, give it a read!

large size, 30 pgs
AA Location: Queer

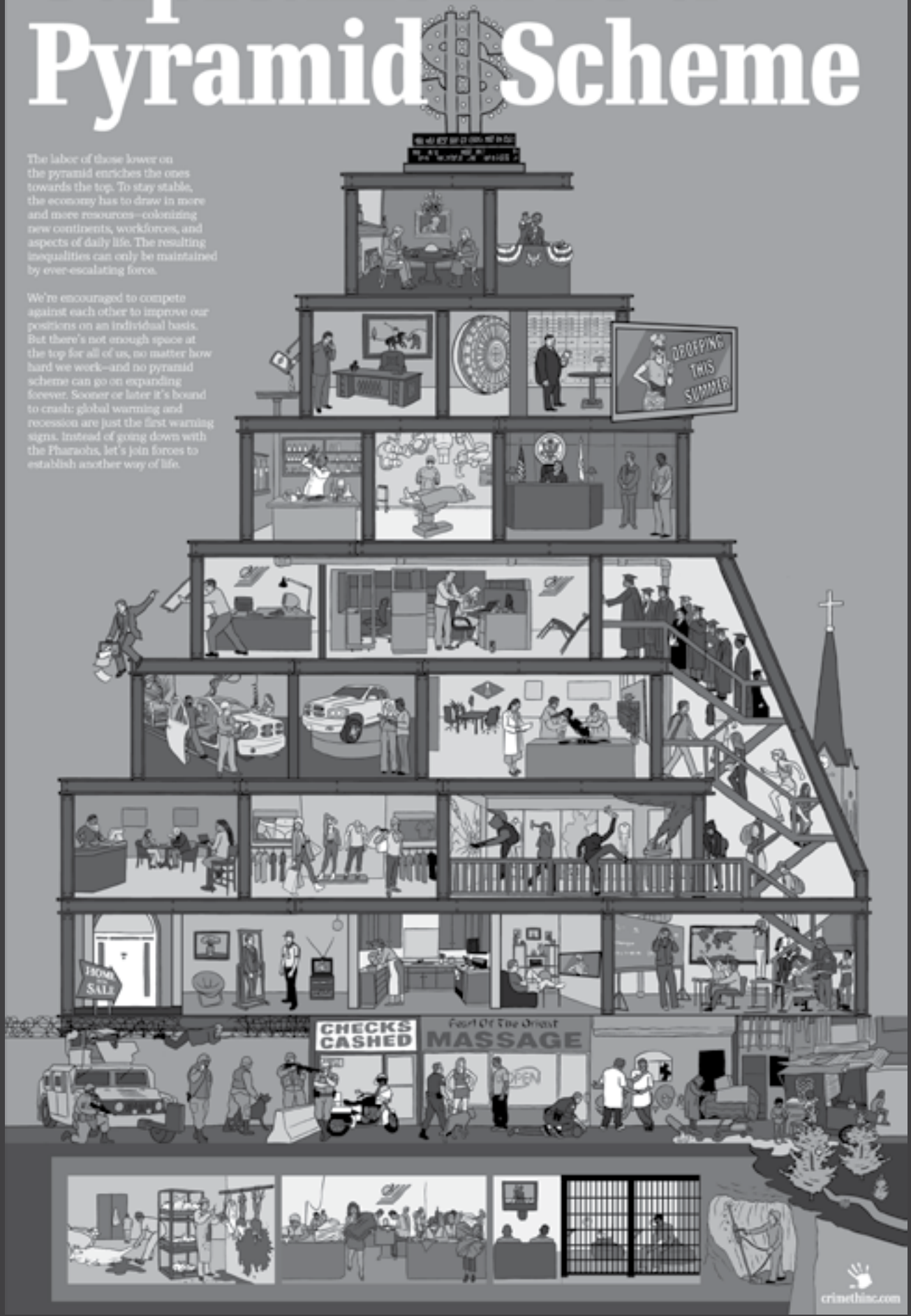


Whorelicious

Written by, for and about sex workers. Lusty Day is our editor here and has collected a few very accessible writings about sex work, money, and other things that whores write, talk, and think about. This issue of *Whorelicious* was compiled mainly in Australia and Lusty herself writes about the differences between working here in Canada and working in the down under. This is just the first installment of *Whorelicious* and I have my eyes peeled for the next issue!

half legal size, 26 pgs
AA Location:Work

Capitalism Is a Pyramid Scheme



The labor of those lower on the pyramid enriches the ones towards the top. To stay stable, the economy has to draw in more and more resources—colonizing new continents, workforces, and aspects of daily life. The resulting inequalities can only be maintained by ever-escalating force.

We're encouraged to compete against each other to improve our positions on an individual basis. But there's not enough space at the top for all of us, no matter how hard we work—and no pyramid scheme can go on expanding forever. Sooner or later it's bound to crash: global warming and recession are just the first warning signs. Instead of going down with the Pharaohs, let's join forces to establish another way of life.


There is a war going on around us everyday, it is brought by bosses, politicians, police and the rich.
Their war is a class war, between the rich and the poor.